Serpentdicious

lyrics & information about ACHET-ATON

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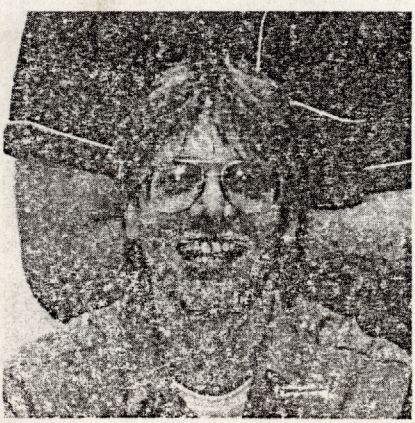

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COLOFON

SERPENTDICIOUS

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EDITOR'S PAGE

Spring 1988
The telephone disturbs the morningrest in one of the most luxurious hotels of Costa Cobra, where very old people use to avoid the cold european winters.

– 'Serpent of Serpentdicious speaking (SSSSSSHHHHHH, hi, hi, hi).'
• 'Yes, Rob van Putten from Holland here.'
– 'Oh, eh, (.....), what's up lad?'
• May I refer to our agreement and your promise of writing two Serpentdicious a year.'
– 'Well, we haven't ended 88, have we?'
• 'No, but a lot of things have happened. Achet-Aton's line-up has changed, there are a lot of new lyrics to be published and we released a brand new tape.'
– 'Well, let's see my agenda.....'
• 'YOU COME TO HOLLAND IMMEDIATELY, OR THE NEXT FINISH OF MY DRUM-SET WILL BE SERPENT-LIKE!'

Six months later.
(Not a plane-company did accept thát large number of demands concerning food).

Well, I must admit that writing two Serpentdicious a year is a lot for me and as we have a lot of new members at the Serpent Clan, I suppose I'll write a re-issue of Serpentdicious for everybody. So here we go.

The Serpent

SOMETHING ABOUT THE NAME

In ancient Egypt, about 1360 B.C., Farao Amenhotep IV wasn't very satisfied with the current ruling God Amon (god of air and wind). He therefore created a new religion around Aton, the sun-god.
Amenhotep changed his name into Achnaton and even founded a new city in order to support his addoration to the new god Aton.
Achet-Aton (which means horizon of Aton) was the name of that new residence.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GROUP

In the late seventies Werner Bartelds (guitar) and Anthony Hofman (bassguitar) played in several schoolbands. In 1983 they decided to concentrate on making progressive rock and with a guitarist (Werner switched to drums and vocals) they founded Achet-Aton.
The trio (in which Anthony also played additional keyboards) started with building up a repertoire and their aim was to expand the group in the (near) future with the right people.
In the meantime Achet-Aton took part in an album-project (October 1984) and did a few concerts. After the guitarist had switched to keyboards, the band searched for a fourth member. In May 1985 guitarist Cor Taal reinforced Achet-Aton.
The band recorded it's first tape (The Serpent Never Sleeps, released august 1986). It was very well received in Holland.
Shortly after, Werner decided to quit drumming and concentrate completely on singing. In Rob van Putten the band finds his fifth member and an ideal replacement for Werner on the drumkit (July 1986).
The five-piece rehearshed intensively and created a complete show. At the beginning of 1987 Achet-Aton appeared twice in popspecials of two regional radio stations. In March the group started touring in Holland and made their recordings for the live-tape (Achet-Aton Alive, released January 1988). This tour would be the start of a very successfull period for Achet-Aton with highlights like the two concerts with Pendragon.
At the end of 1987 the group became a four-piece again. Werner (supported by Anthony and Cor) took over the keyboards and within nearly four months the group re-arranged their full repertoire and even added a couple of new songs.
The group recorded five songs during the summer of 1988 for their third cassette, with the help of Roger Patterson (A Rough Guide To Achet-Aton, released november 1988). One of the tracks will also appear on the 'Exposure 1988' album/CD.

ABOUT THE LYRICS

Words and music can't be separated, but we think our lyrics are interesting enough to publish before you.
And when you understand them you know why we created them. And it's not forbidden to sing along with us during our concerts, we possess the 'weapons' to overblow it.

About the lyrics:

Writing the lyrics of a song is just as important as the music. Words need to express the musical feelings, they need to become one inseparable bond. Therefore lyrics must be taken very seriously. And Achet-Aton takes them seriously. The one responsible for this is Werner Bartelds.
He has written poems since the age of 16, influenced mostly by Slauerhoff, the dutch poéte maudit. In his lyrics we can find this influence: he chooses the words carefully, composes lines with impact and always searches the poetical solution. It seems he slowly completes a huge jigsaw puzzle, throwing away pieces that won't fit and sawing new ones to create the lyrics.
Most of the lyrics are autobiographic and they reflect his personal life. So there are, for example, songs about confusion and hope (When Plans Go Wrong, I Am A Leaf), responsibility of mankind (Walking On Thin Ice, A Call To Arms) and love songs (A Pagan Song, The Mirror).

THE SERPENT NEVER SLEEPS

Who will be the first one to throw away the book?
Who reads the final chapter, won't take another look?
A self constructed image, an incarnated nightmare
Beware the snake in the grass
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
Who will be the first one?

'Away, away,' they shout as the reptile eggs break out
And the air becomes odious and thick
'You're making me sick,' cries the girl of today
But her skin turns... serpent grey

Who will be the first one to throw away the key?
Who locks all the doors has no need to see
There's a big fat balloon selling points of view
He has got one model, must be the one for you
Focussed on blindness
Who will be the first one?

The wet dream of your simulated reality
Has just gone up ten points
They say there is no smoke without fire
So will you be there?

Now you're standing on your own legs between your greedy friends
Who will stick beside you 'till your fiction comes to end
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
And sees you are the snake in the grass
Who will be the first one to look through the glass?
And sees you are the snake in the grass

The wet dream of your simulated reality
Has just gone up another ten points
You're starting to believe your own fiction
(needs restriction - some contradiction)
Can't you see the fucking snake?

In the cold troubled water
The serpent never sleeps
But a clear perspective
Can tell you where he creeps

We eat from the hand that feeds us
We walk by the voice that leads us

A NEW SONG

Last night I slept a restless night
My eyes couldn't be closed
A victim of tension to which
I was so badly exposed
I saw the moon rising over the lake
Someone's longlost friend
I saw the stars laughing at me
Won't somebody send

A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time

Nailed to my bed and covered in sweat
With things running 'round my head
I'm coming out for a quick note to write down
Tomorrow it can't be read
I saw the sun rising over the lake
A new day finally born
I saw the people laughing at me
Some showing scorn

A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
A new song - a new song - a new song - a new song
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time
Give me the words and I'll set them in rhyme
Give me the notes and I'll play them in time

WHEN PLANS GO WRONG

Your voice comes faintly from the bed
The lights are low the sheets still red
Recovering from moments of panic and pain
A private word is all that remains

It's hard to understand when your plans go wrong
You question life your doubts grow strong
But seeing your eyes I know it's allright
You're a real lioness ready to fight

Life is something that happens to you while you're making plans
It's like a rope that slips through your hands
You won't let go you are so afraid of the fall
But when you do you'll find out things haven't changed at all...

WALKING ON THIN ICE

Don't read the newspapers nomore
Don't need to put the telly on
To hear about the wars
That have been going on and on

We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

Don't follow 'Here's the News' nomore
Satellite information
I can do without
For I behold the situation

We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

Don't...
Don't tell...
Don't tell lies to your self
Don't...
Don't tell...
Don't tell lies to your self
You will be the only one believing them
You can be the only one decieving them
We're walking on ice
We're walking on thin ice
We're walking on ice
We're walking on thin ice

Don't need the dogmatist nomore
I won't be caught in discussions
Politicians need to score
They're so afraid of repercussions

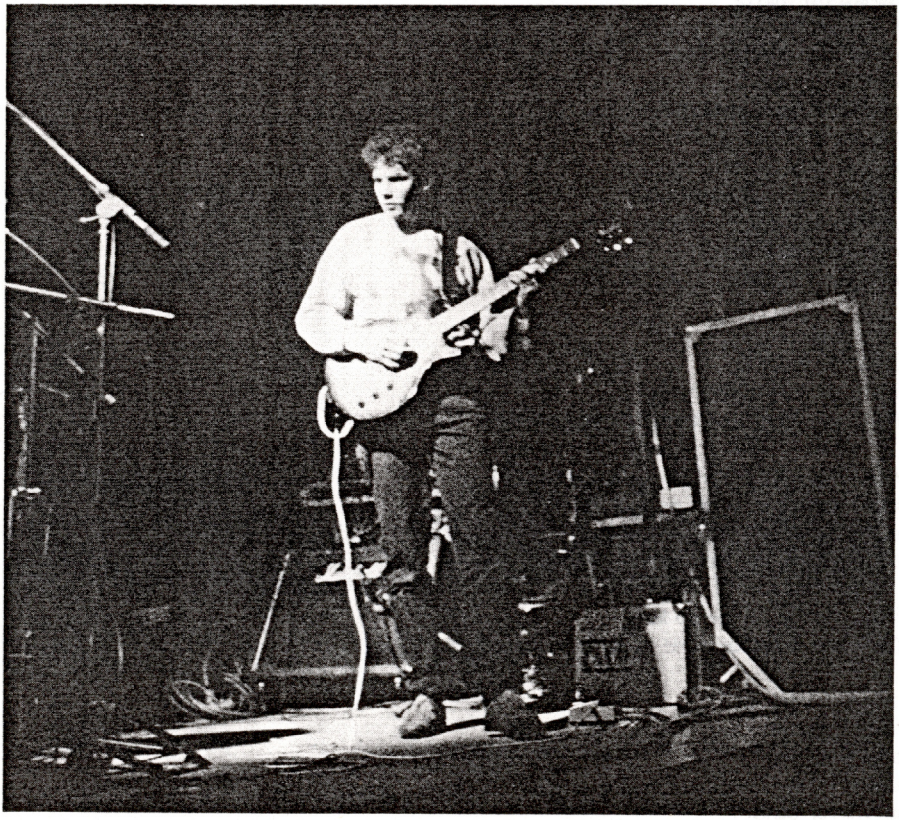
We're walking on thin ice
We're drifting slowly
We're drifting slowly apart

COR TAAL

Born on 5 March 1961, The Hague. Started playing the guitar in a schoolband in 1977. Before that time he'd never ever touched one. Although he was always very attracted by the instrument, he much prefered to play it with a band.
Hardrock was the first musical style in which he liked to express his feelings. Over the years his playing became more melodious. 'Till 1985, the year in which they invited him in Aton, he played in several bands. 'My way of playing? More important than technique, speed or any kind of trick is the feeling and playing functional.'

His tools:
guitars: Hamer Sunburst, Hamer Special;
amplification: Marshall.

'Discipline is a way to reach perfection.'



THE MIRROR

Receiving dreams across the wires
I feel the touch of your silhouette
When I wake up through the slumbers
I know I must forget
But this feeling inside I just can't hide
I wish it came back
I wish it came back again

(Oh, please come back, I want you one more time)

But this feeling inside I just can't hide
I wish it came back
I wish it came back again

You are my mirror
You are my mirror
Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

You always say that I'm too jealous
I shouldn't hurt myself too bad
I know I must try to forget you;
Can't get you out of my head
But you can't claim what can't be possessed
I wish you came back
I wish you came back again

You are my mirror
You are my mirror
Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

I wish we'd met under other circumstances
I know we are a pair of perfect dancers
Me looking at you looking at me looking at you
You looking at me looking at you looking at me...

Mirror, mirror tell me no lies
Why is the reflection gone as I open my eyes?

You are my mirror
Into the mirror
You are my mirror
Into the mirror
I am mirror blind

WERNER BARTELDS

Born on October 11th 1960, a true libra. Started playing the guitar at the age of 13 and was determined to get his own group together.
Before he could really play the guitar he was already composing songs and writing lyrics. Of course this wasn't of great importance but it shows his urge to express his feelings through music and poetry. His poems and lyrics are heavily influenced by Slauerhoff, the dutch 'poete maudit'.
Werner formed a schoolband in 1976 in which Anthony Hofman played the bassguitar. The two decided to change musical-direction and they formed a band that lead to Achet-Aton (1983).
Over the years Werner has played a lot of instruments in the band (guitar, drums and, recently, keyboards). This shows his flexibility of making music. 'I see myself as a performer/singer/composer rather than a instrumentalist. I don't want to be fixed to one instrument.'
'I take much care not to immitate', he says, 'Everything that has been done before I reject immediately. I don't want to cheat the audience by giving them a cheap immitation of somebody. People can see through that. I put in my own personality as much as possible. That's why my lyrics are autobiographic.'

He is a dedicated vegetarian and loves to make Italian food; he has a 4 years old daughter; is a collector af Slauerhoff-items; is concerned about the environment; likes to read, write & paint and is interested in arts in general.

Instruments:
Shure SM 58, Ensoniq Mirage, Korg RK100

Favourite band: too much to mention
Favourite song: A Pagan Song
Favourite singers: David Bowie, Peter Hammill

TWO INTO ONE

The night falls quietly all around us now
Yet there's something moving in the trembling air
A restless heart and a restless mind
Looking for his maiden fair

You give me your secret wink only I can understand
There that special smile and things run out of hand
The secrets that we share are only known to me
You play your role so well but there's no part for me

I ought to be there when she calls on me
I ought to be inside it all
I ought to see her beneath the waters cold
I ought to be inside her call

Two into one - one out of two

I walk the gardens where kings once used to play
And I see the statues defaced and fallen down
The sacred fountain-spring where life once clearly flowed
Seized to draw from the toxic ground

We're far from over each time I hear your call
Your reflection's still haunting me
Where can I turn to now I'm torn and soaked
By the voice of distant seas

Two into one - one out of two

ONE DAY WE WILL

We'll discribe the revolution flag
It is white with a heart so red
We'll tear all national banners into rags
Our colours world wide spread
One day we will

You think it's hard to communicate
When you don't speak the same tonque
You think that things will escalate
When every word goes 'wrong'
We're all the same

One day we will see we're all the same
One day we will

There's no wedge between you and I
They just try to play a trick on you
But propaganda is always a lie
Open your eyes and see it through
One day we will

One day we will see we're all the same
One day we will

You better stop and listen to this revolution song
Stop ... listen ... and sing along
We're all the same on this big boat
The more we love the longer we'll float
We're all the same we will see
We will see - one day we will

One day we will see we're all the same
One day we will

BELOW ZERO

revelation

Stripping off the mask
Revealing the face of the foe inside
Crawling up the blind wall
Hiding the ball inside my eyes
I betray my promises to you I know
Senses below zero
Wake up, I must tell you now!

the fear of hurting

We dreamt about our future lives and we both fell fast asleep
Sleep, sleep, we're in too deep, I know I'm playing hide & seek
What is it I'm searching for that makes my heart pound insane?
What is it I'm looking for to relieve me from this pain?
Oh, the fear of hurting you 'cause we were like a sister and a brother
Sleep, sleep, I am in too deep but one thing leads to another
What is it you're searching for that makes your heart pound insane?
What is it you're looking for to relieve you from this pain?

Sitting in my armchair
Wond'ring why the clock never ticks
Eating through the wallpaper
I strike upon the bricks
I can feel the coolness and moisture
Against my forehead
My sense are below zero

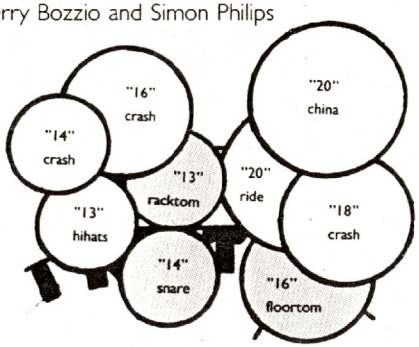
ROB VAN PUTTEN

Born on the third of May, 1962, Deventer, Holland. He began to play drums at the age of 14. Before and during a couple of years after, he played in all kind of Marching- and Brassbands, where (at last) he introduced the use of a large drumset.
With Werner and Anthony he played in a group in the late 70's (in 1983 that group would become Achet-Aton). He left the group in order to play more heavier stuff (symphonic hardrock).
He studied drums and percussion (funk, jazz and latin) at the local music school for four years and played in several percussion-(school)ensembles. As Werner in 1986 decided to quit drumming, Rob (re)joined his old fellows at Achet-Aton in July.
After some excursions throughout the electronic percussion field, he returned to 'Mother Nature' on the acoustic drumkit in 1987.

Favourite band: Rush
Favourite drummers: Neil Peart, Bill Bruford, Terry Bozzio and Simon Philips
Favourite song: the one we create tomorrow.

Equipment:

- (customised) Pearl drums DX series (all in staid black);
- (customised) Pearl stands 900 series;
- Pearl free-floating snaredrum (with copper shell);
- Paiste 3000 cymbals;
- Remo ebony-pinstripe heads (batter) and Pearl CW heads (bottom);
- Paiste 14 hickory nylon tip sticks



A PAGAN SONG (the song of love)

The crack in the bell mumbles your name
The voice in my head whispers the same
Obsessed by Rossetti's poem 'Silent Noon'
Sometimes I see an angel coming
Through the tears in my eyes
She sings a pagan song
And she blows her trumpet to the skies

The barb's in my flesh far too long
Angel, blow it out with your pagan song
Flying up to her eyes made of jade
There's no religion higher than thruth
And to sing your pagan song
Your eyes smile peace and ease my tired soul
I've been waiting - I've been waiting so long
To hear you sing your pagan song

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass
The finger points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass
All around our nest, far as the eye can pass
Are golden king-cup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge
This visible silence, still as the hour glass
Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:-
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above
Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love

ANTHONY HOFMAN

Born on September 2nd 1962, Deventer, the Netherlands. He is one of the founders of Achet-Aton. Before that he played in different kind of schoolbands.
Anthony Hofman is a self-taught man: 'Playing a lot and listening to my favourite music has proven to be a very good method to me. I'm still learning almost everyday.'
Apart from music his hobbies are reading (almost anything), watching a good movie/documentary and he has a weakness for rather tall and slim young women with dark hair and brown eyes.
Furthermore he likes much and delicious food, to travel by train, is interested in world events and he can really enjoy a beautiful autumn-day.

His instruments:

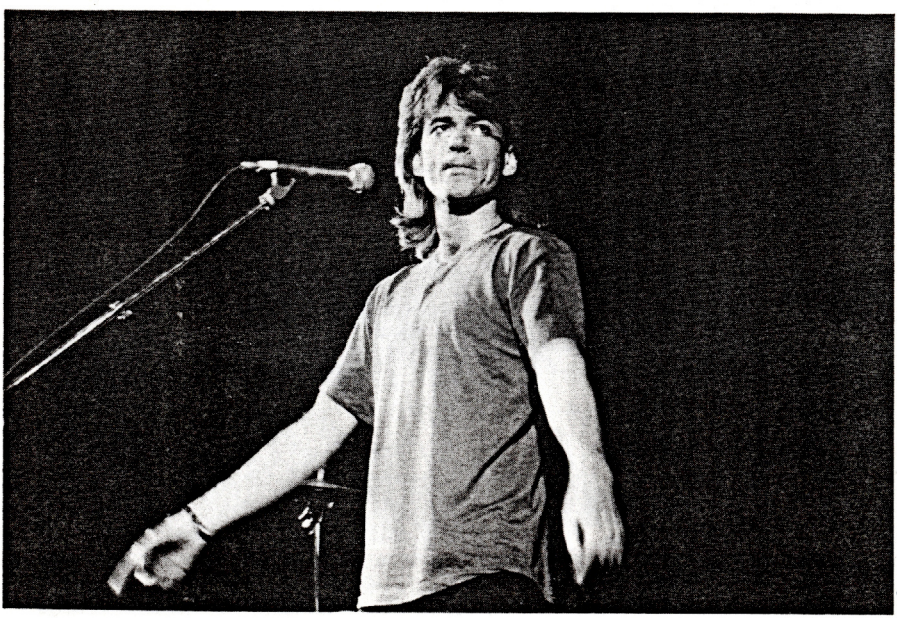
Ibanez mc824
Ibanez rb850 (bk)
Kustom IIIB amplifier
Eko kII basspedals
Korg Poly-800
Boss GE-7B equalizer
Boss CE-2B chorus

WORM IN THE BUD

Am I a wayward wretch, un papillon de nuit
Dressed in the habit of cupidity
Looking for a cheap thrill?

Or a jack-in-the-box who after his first kiss
Gets drunk in the haze and wonders where he is
Then falls asleep on your anvill?

Am I a sceptical imp, a worm in the bud
Cringing with a limp and got into a rut
Roaming in constant peril?



A CALL TO ARMS

There's a cold wind blowing across the fields
It's blowing the fire out of our homes
Oh, can't you see could be the darkest night ever
Oh, can't you see could be the darkest night ever
There's a poison rain falling from the skies
It's burning the colour out of our eyes
Oh, can't you see could be the darkest night ever
But it's time for a change

If there is profit in pain and money in malice
Than people insane build up their palace
Windscale children are Sellafield fathers
What's the difference in a name
Windscale children are Sellafield mothers
Stop this devils reign

A call to arms - a call for live
A call to arms - I'm calling for you now!

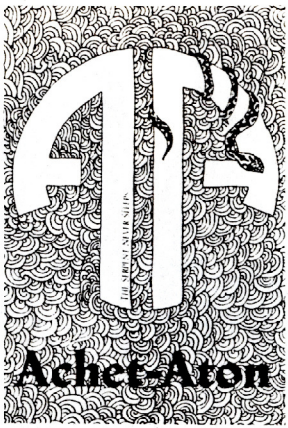
I AM A LEAF

I am a leaf
And I'm curving down below
I am a leaf
And I see the surface of the water
Getting nearer
As I glide down -
Slide down - right down
Tumble and twirl down -
Whirl down - round and round

I am afraid
To touch the darkness of the water
I am afraid
See the surface of the water
Getting darker
I don't know
What's down below
I wish I could wait
But it's too late to hesitate

... and I touch the water ...

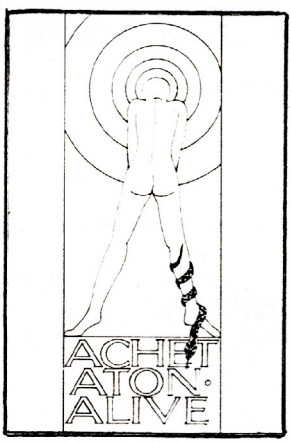
ACHET-ATON RELEASES



The Serpent Never Sleeps

The Serpent Never Sleeps
A New Song
When Plans Go Wrong
Walking On Thin Ice

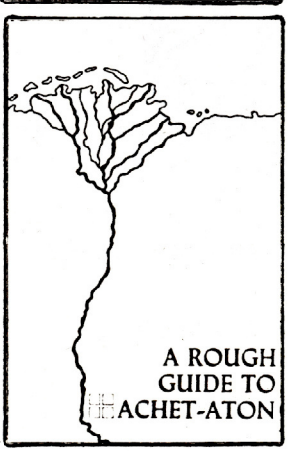
recorded at Silvox Silvolde June 1986
released august 1986



Achet-Aton Alive

Below Zero
When Plans Go Wrong
Two Into One
A Sweet Heart Blooms No Bitter End
The Serpent Never Sleeps
One Day We Will
The Mirror
Walking On Thin Ice

recorded at various locations 1987
released January 1988
no longer available



A Rough Guide To Achet-Aton

Below Zero
A Pagan Song
Worm In The Bud
A Call To Arms
I Am A Leaf/A Rough Guide

recorded at Top Cat Zwolle &
Canning Factory Nottingham summer 1988
released november 1988

Anthony Hofman Werner Bartelds Cor Taal Rob van Putten

FREIA

Magazine

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JOIN THE SERPENT CLAN!

And you will be informed about the group, their concerts
and next issues of SERPENTDICIOUS.
And it's FREE (don't you see?)!!!

The Serpent Clan
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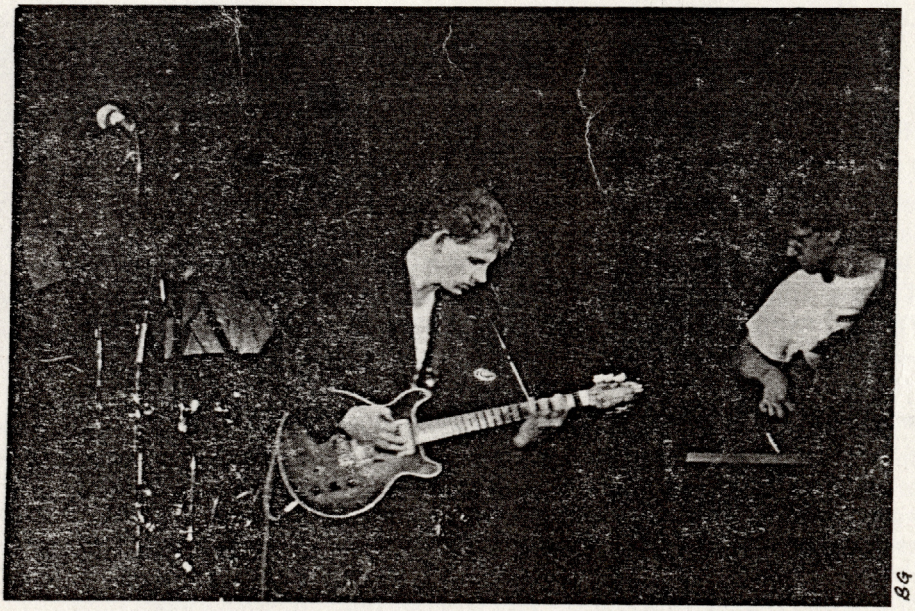

WE ARE NOT SAYING WE ARE THE BEST
but in our field we can not be beaten.

Progressive and symphonic rock represent a wide field in today's popular music. Strangely though, scarcely any magazine today dares touch the subject. It is either considered outdated, or requires expert knowledge which most critics simply can not offer. Or perhaps the first argument comes forth from the second.

No wonder **Sym-Info** is the fastest growing music magazine in Holland. From some few hundred readers to several thousands in just a few years simply can not be regarded as a coincidence.

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